

you're an idiot, Mike Wheeler by hawkins_bound

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Relationships: Dustin Henderson & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

since the beginning of time (or at least as far as El Hopper can remember) the town of Hawkins, Indiana has been split into two sides, north and south. With two rival High schools, Hawkins high and Clearwater high, she can't imagine ever being associated with someone from the neighbouring school.

Little does she know that she'll soon get to know a boy who will make her forget all about that.

you're an idiot, Mike Wheeler

You know those times you're sitting in class, staring at the clock, as if it'll go any faster if you stare at it.

Mike Wheeler liked biology, well... he usually liked biology, but at this very moment, he didn't want anything more in the world than for it to end.

On the other end of town, in another school, El Hopper was sat down staring at the clock in her classroom, the sound of her English teacher's voice merely a background sound. She was waiting for the class to be over. For the bell to ring to signal that it was 12:30 and that it was finally lunch.

“You can only imagine how they must have felt, Romeo and Juliet, having to hide their love from the world, scared that if their friends or families found out they'd be forced to leave each other,” Mrs Phillips was a great teacher, she really was, but she seemed to be a big fan of tragic love stories. In El's opinion, Romeo and Juliet were quite stupid. It wasn't their fault, they were merely innocent victims of their own story, but at the same time she couldn't help but think about how weird it is to die because of a boy that you've only known for a few days, a week at the most. She didn't really understand why people wrote grand love stories, of tragic deaths and everlasting love. Why on earth would you sacrifice everything you have just to feel love, to be with someone for eternity. She didn't think she'd ever fall in love. Every single boy in Hawkins High was repulsive to her, she'd only ever had a crush on one boy, but he went to Clearwater high and there was no way she'd ever date anybody that lived on the north side of Hawkins. It was an unwritten rule of Hawkins, Indiana. The North and Southside didn't interact.

El was snapped out of her thoughts all too suddenly by a light kick to her shin. She looked in the direction of the person who had kicked her, ever so impolitely in the shin. A red-haired girl and a boy wearing a terrible bandana on his head laughed at her. She rolled her eyes and tried to listen to her teacher ramble on about how teenage love is the strongest force on earth, nothing will ever stop it or destroy it.

The bell rang. A faint “the bell doesn't dismiss you, I do!” could be

heard through the students rushing out to get to lunch. Now if it were any other day she would've just gone to lunch with her friends but it wasn't any other day. It was Wednesday and on Wednesday she went to Benny's diner and had waffles. For free. None of the kids from either Hawkins high or Clearwater high went to Benny's for lunch and for that El was grateful.

She rushed outside to her bike and hurried as fast as she could to the diner. The second she walked inside she was met with the usual smell of french fries and the sound of burgers sizzling on the grill.

She was met with a couple of hellos from the staff when she sat down at the counter where the owner, Benny, was pouring himself a cup of coffee. "Hi Ellie," he smiled "the usual Wednesday?" he had already started writing her order; waffles with ice cream, a chocolate milkshake and a small fries to the side. "You know me so well" she smiled at him.

She stood up and started walking towards her regular booth, she sat down and took her assigned reading for her English class, Romeo and Juliet, out of her bag.

"Hey, El!" Benny yelled from the kitchen, snapping her out of her book,

"what?"

"So last week there was a boy here for lunch, Mike, I think his name was. That Nancy Wheeler is his sister. You know him?"

"I'm pretty sure that he goes to Clearwater, I've never seen him at school."

She wasn't pretty sure, she was certain. She knew who he was. He was the cute kind of nerdy. She'd seen him at the library, sometimes with two of his friends, one curly haired boy, slightly shorter than Mike and a lot more talkative. Then there was another boy as well, Will Byers. He was smaller than both of them and a lot more soft-spoken and quiet. She'd never spoken to any of them, god forbid she speak to a northsider.

She turned back to her waffles and the book, which was boring her to death, really, took a sip of her milkshake and looked out the window.

Speak of the devil and he appears, right? Perhaps not but at this very moment, none other than Mike Wheeler was hopping out of his beat-up jeep right outside the diner. El frowned. Why is he here?

The bell above the door rang as he walked in, El slouched down into her booth, still eyeing him (only slightly thinking about how cute he looked). Despite El trying not to make eye contact he turned to her. As soon as he saw her his eyes darted away, only for him to mumble something to himself and look back up, more determined this time he started to walk towards her booth until he was standing on the other side of the booth.

"Hi?" El didn't really know what to say, he was just standing there and kind of staring at her.

"Hi, uh- y-you're Jane Hopper, right? Sheriff's daughter? You go to Hawkins High?" he seemed incredibly nervous. El was amused.

"Yeah, I go by El, actually" she kept on eyeing him as he sat down in the booth, now sitting opposite of her.

"How does Jane become El? I don't, I mean- that doesn't," He stuttered before taking a deep breath "It doesn't make sense"

"Doesn't need to, does it?"

"It does not, and that's not why I'm here"

She took a sip of her milkshake.

"Well?"

"You write, right?" He looked as if he'd regained some of the confidence he'd walked in there with,

"Yeah, I mean sure, I write sometimes," she was really confused as to why he was there, why he even knew her name and how he knew about her writing, "What's it to you?"

"I need your help with something". He smiled at her, flashing his pearly white teeth at her.

"Isn't Nancy Wheeler your sister? Isn't she a journalist for the New York Times or something? I'm sure she can help you more than I can,"

He laughed. "Well, that's the problem, she lives in New York, and..." he trailed off. She scoffed.

"And what?"

"And she didn't go to Hawkins High."

"What is this thing you need my help with?" El was actually quite flattered that he'd come to her for help.

"I'm supposed to write an essay on something that I a) don't know and b) get help from an insider, and obviously I thought of Hawkins high, a school that I don't really like but I also don't really know anything about" (damn those beautiful eyes). The only reason that

she'd say yes is that if she doesn't she's doomed to spend her time with Max and Lucas who spend more time staring at each other than being with El.

"Sure. I'll help you,"

"Really? Thanks"

"On one condition though," he sighed. She smiled.

"You won't tell anyone that I'm the insider"

He smirked to himself, then he moved his hand toward her and shook it.

"You've got yourself a deal, Hopper".

When Mike pulled over in the Clearwater high parking lot he felt an overwhelming feeling of accomplishment. He talked to a cute girl and she'd even laughed with him.

When he walked in he was still on his little happiness high. He walked over to his locker, where Will and Dustin stood, pouring over their copies of the lord of the rings.

"Mike! Where have you been?" Dustin's voice cracked the tiniest bit and Will hid a tiny laugh behind a cough.

"I was working on the new project" he beamed.

"Where? Haven't seen you at all today"

"Bennys' diner, great fries"

El Hopper went to sleep that night with a warm, fuzzy feeling in her stomach, the thought of dark almost-curls freckles and a smile that probably hadn't left her face since a certain someone had left the diner during lunch. Even her dad mentioned how happy she looked.

She felt as if everything had changed during one lunch hour, she somehow had a tiny crush on Mike Wheeler, a northsider. Shit. This could not end well for either of them.

Little did she know that on the other side of town, in another neighbourhood, Mike Wheeler was laying in his bed, playing with the thought of a curly-haired and brown eyed girl. Of high-waisted jeans worn with a band t-shirt (the clash, yes! She listens to the clash!) and a pair of dirty converse shoes, of eating waffles and french fries on Wednesdays at a certain diner in the middle of the highway. A blue bike parked out front and the smell of strawberries and cinnamon (gingerbread, he'd thought). Mike felt as if he could drown in her smile, be blinded by her light, and somehow, when he thought about

it, he didn't mind at all.